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Mrs. Judson's Story of Her Arrival in Burma

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

JUDSON DAY
JULY 13, 1913

1813 1913

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BAPTIST young people will hear with interest the reading of the following letter from Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson, giving an account of their arrival in Rangoon. Mrs. Judson was then but twenty-three years old.

"Rangoon, July 30, 1813.

"We stayed at Madras only a fortnight when we embarked on board a Portuguese vessel for this place. I had procured a European woman-servant to go with us, as it was not thought prudent to go without one. She went on board two days before us and when we went on board she appeared in perfect health. We had but just entered the ship when she fell on the floor, apparently in a fit. We made every possible effort to recover her but she gasped a few times and died. The exertion I made to recover her, together with the shock my frame and feelings received at her sudden decease, brought me also near the gates of death. I indeed thought the time of my departure was at hand and that all my toils and perplexities were ended. I had no physician, no medicine, no attendant but Mr. Judson. Added to this, we were in a small, dirty vessel which was kept in continual motion by the violence of the wind and sea. Perfect ease and quiet seemed absolutely necessary for my recovery, but these it appeared impossible to obtain. But all things are possible with God, and we were never so sensible of his care and protection as at this time.

"In the midst of our darkness and distress and when we had given up all hope of my recovery, our captain informed us that we were close to the Andaman Islands, and that we could escape being driven on them in no way but by going through a narrow channel between two of them. We were in much danger but the vessel was almost perfectly still, as we were in smooth water as soon as we entered the channel, the wind being broken by the islands. Thus I obtained that ease and quiet which a few moments

before seemed impossible to obtain. We were three weeks on our passage, and when we arrived I was not able to walk, nor had I even left my bed for half an hour. . . . We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that he was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I prepared to go on shore but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, as there was no method of conveyance except a horse which I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in an armchair; consequently, when I landed one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry and the multitude of natives gave a shout which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the custom-house. It was a small open shed in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

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